EDITORIAL

THE CHICK OF THE FABLE.

By DANIEL DE LEON

Missouri born, New York raised, newspaper trained, I frankly admit that the heart, history and future of this Republic depend on questions that are going to be settled by the great West. The West is going to teach the rest of the country how to solve the problem of squaring political economy with the rights of humanity. The East sees little but hard and fast doctrines. The West mixes sentiment with them. The result is an effervescence in both parties. But moneyhood and manhood will soon find they must agree, and that manhood must come to the top.

The above expression by St. Clair McKelway, Editor of the Brooklyn Eagle, is turning up everywhere in the “reform” press of the West. It seems to have been uttered as a condensed bit of the philosophy of history, and to be accepted as such. Yet, the fact is, that the utterance is but a repetition of the chick, the fable tells us of, that started the history of the world by looking into the shell it had just broken through. The blunderous notion of Mr. McKelway may, however, serve the purpose of calling attention to a rather important socio-biologic fact.

As well say, with the sun at the zenith at the Meridian of New York, while beyond the Rockies the twilight of dawn still prevails, that the condition of the East is one scorched by a blazing heat, while that of the West is tempered with shade;—as well say that as to claim that the economic-political condition of the West is inherently different from that of the East.

There is nothing peculiar to the twilight stage of the West when noon-tide heat reigns here. The same twilight stage was gone through here; and the identical noon-day sun will prevail there. So with the economic-political stage of the two sections.

Capitalism, first started on our Eastern coast, reaches here its noontide sooner;
started later westward, matures there later. The very twilight dawn of capitalism, noticed in the West, is a sign of the eventual noontide of capitalism there. As thither are sent the machines that have become obsolete here, so thence will such twilight machinery eventually be driven off and supplanted with the noontide machine of Capitals, higher developed.

No unimportant fact this is. To appreciate it is essential to the wiping out of illusions, and the urging on of the era of practical work.

As man’s conceptions are a reflex of the system of production, so are the views of the East and the West but a reflex of their respective stages of development. There is in neither any inherent “sentiment.” The same “sentiments” now found floating in the West, once floated along the Atlantic. With the vanishing of the twilight and the approaching of the noontide of capitalism here, these “sentiments,” veritable utopian dreams, vanished,—and, in the same measure, sprang up westward, to vanish there too, like the receding twilight before the nearing sun.

If the McKelways will raise themselves above the intellectual level of the chick in the fable; if they will realize that the history of the East did not start yesterday, ready made; if, in short, they will post themselves upon the history of the land, then will they apprehend a truth that will greatly stead them and all our children: the truth that the “history of the future” will not be settled either by the West or by the East, nor by any “sentiments” peculiar to any one region; that the “history of the future” will be settled by the WHOLE country just as soon as the WHOLE country is ripe for settlement, and that the requisite ripeness for settlement depends upon the wholly unsentimental, the hard, fact of developed Capital well understood.

Not until then will the Nation’s manhood, referred to by Mr. McKelway, be a manhood worth speaking of.

No “manhood” deserves the name that is not intellectually equipped to perform man’s work.

Uploaded July 2004